

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY F. M. TRIMMIER.

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**"Brick" Pomeroy to Bill Arp.**  
The following article embraces a flood of deep and merited irony which we cannot allow to pass:

Bill, for why do you still Arp on my daughter—so to speak? There must be something very wrong in your nature. Reckon you must have lost something, or found a horse shoe and no horse to hang it on. We believe you are a very bad Bill, and so we don't want to pass you in silence. You write as if there was something wrong with you—as if there were clouds floating over the land of magnolias and the sunny South generally. Really, Bill, we are surprised.

There never was so ungrateful a people as your Southern gentlemen are, and now, after all has been done for you, to see letters written by you so full of instructions, is too much.

The fault of this lies with you. Weren't your folks most dogoned wicked before this war? Honest Indian now, Bill. Didn't you get proud, and isn't pride a sin? And didn't you own niggers down there, and harp them continually to raise cotton for New England nabobs to spin—sugar to sweeten our coffee, rice to eat and squirt tobacco over our meetin' house floors? Answer us, Bill! And didn't you folks stay down there to attend to your own business a little too close? And didn't you have better horses, better clothes, better houses, finer grounds, better furniture and more land than we had?

We are all Christians in the North. We felt that all these fine things were dragging your souls down to hell. We didn't want you to rest in brimstone, being in torment, so we tried to corral you in Abraham's bosom. Abraham was a great and good man who died some time since, as we read of some where.

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers too fat. Our factory operatives grew jealous. And our girls went down there to teach your girls something, and fell in love with your boys, and forgot to come home. We feel that you were wicked; we didn't want to see you go to hell! All the fine things that you had were leading you away from salvation, so we sent Butler and Curtis, and Banks, and Washburn, and Steele, and Hovey, and Prentiss, and Hulbert, and several of the elect of our Christian churches, down there to win you out of the jaws of hell, by withdrawing your fine furniture, such as pianos, books, pictures, rosewood bedsteads, marble, tables, silverware, horses, cotton, and all such plunder to a place of safety!

You were wrong to engage in war—very wrong to do that thing. New England alone could conquer you. Why, Bill, if you had a billion of millions of dollars, and enough of nice furniture to furnish all of the houses in the country, New England could steal it in four years; and if New England Abolitionists could net, the Kansas saints and the Western children of Christian Abolitionists could. Haven't we prayed for you in nearly all our churches? And haven't we told you better? You wanted to get out of the Union! Ah, Bill, States once in can never get out! That is what we have always told you. All those Friends of the great martyr tell you so. We want to keep you in. We fought you at Antietam, Pea Ridge, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, Shiloh, Mobile, Fort Donelson, and the devil only knows where, to keep you in the Union. And then we sent Christian mission aries down there, Bill, to rescue your valuables and remove them North for safety, you know! And we burnt down your houses, and we took what food your women and children had, and we sent your cotton to market for you, you know, Bill. And we sent three millions of men to war to keep you durned fellows in this happy Union. God only knows how many of your folks we killed, for one Northern man was always good for five Southern men, to say nothing about mules, niggers, cotton and keepsakes. And, Bill, we have stepped into some little debt on your account.

You see, Bill, cotton was too cheap. Tobacco was too cheap. Rice was too cheap. Happiness was too cheap. Our national debt was too small. It was costing too much to keep that negro boarding house of yours, so we remedied that by killing your niggers, or giving them the benefit of liberty, rags, old houses and abolitionism. And we made your cotton more valuable. And, Bill, we enhanced the price of everything, for you, and made a demand

for carpenters and house holders down there. You forget how we have benefited your wicked country, Bill, or you would not Arp so continually on imaginary evils! And we did all this to keep you in the Union. We sent old John Brown, peace to his ashes, fresh from stealing horses in Kansas, to tone for his sins by rescuing negroes from your grasp in Virginia. And for this little pleasanor on the part of one of our martyrs—one of our illuminated little pages in history—you never thanked us as you should. And didn't we throw some few irons into Charleston harbor? The waters of that pool will be a good tonic for years, Bill. And didn't Curtis save your cotton? Didn't Butler save your gold and protect your women? And didn't Banks save the Red River property? And didn't two hundred and eighteen Generals get rich as mud from finding things you folks had lost? And is there not houseful after houseful of keepsakes in the North, picked up in the woods, and on woodpiles, by our army chaplains and our moral boys, while you were trying to kill those of our folks who wanted to visit you to keep your souls from hell?

Bill, you are ungrateful! And then didn't we keep up this war till all the States were back in the Union? And didn't you want to get out of the Union? And didn't we act magnanimous, and as soon as the war was over, unite in saying that you were out of the Union? Really, Bill, it seems as if you had it all your own way! This war has proved a success—a brilliant success. We were bound to push it through in ninety days, and would, but for your stubbornness. All we wanted was your negroes, your cotton, mules, furniture, silver-ware and such odd tricks, which you folks could buy better than we could, for you had more money! It was wrong to keep slaves, Bill, but it was not wrong to steal. This war was to preserve the Union. Everybody said so. The Union has been preserved—so much for us.

Your States are kept out of the Union, which is still preserved! You want reconstruction. We'll reconstruct you!—You folks are very wicked, Bill. God punishes wickedness. Good agents live in the North exclusively, Bill! And we'll let you back in the Union, which has been preserved, when we get ready. First, you must hunt up the balance of your property and give it to some of our great and good agents and generals. Then you must move out of your houses, that is, what are left, and let the negroes in. And you must give the negroes your plantations. And, Bill, you must give them all your property; and then support the late war by manual labor. And you must let the negroes vote, for they are wanted for Republican Congressmen, Senators and such. And you must ignore your war debts, and not pay them, even upon the basis of honor. And you must help us pay for licking you.—And ere you do this, you must have your property taken from you, so it will be easy.

We are a just and magnanimous people in the North! We are liberal and brotherly! We want peace and harmony! We don't want you folks to go to hell, nor do we want you to dress better than we do. Personally, we know but little of this country. In eighteen hundred and sixty three, we left our country, immediately in advance of a bayonet, for saying some of our folks were stealing from some of your folks, as I for writing naughty letters to the La Crosse Democrat, charging some of our generals with stealing and cowardice. And we have had a very pleasant time of it at home for thinking as much as you think, but now we are convinced that the war for the Union was a splendid success—that the country is better off—that the negroes are happier—that the people are in better circumstances, especially the thieves and robbers, who have fattened on the blood and stolen their enemies poor—that the way to make one section of the country love another, is to fight, rob, steal and desolate them into happiness—that our taxes are lighter—that Republican trenchment and reform is a good thing for poor people and tax payers—that the sure way to national greatness, is to quarrel with sections continually—that a people are apt to love their persecutors—that it is honorable, and evidence of manly christianity, to hammer a man after he is down—that it is a blessing for poor men to pay interest on bonds, while the bonds the rich hold are not taxable—that the negroes are better off in rags, sickness and shallow graves, than at contented labor—that it is unchristian to resent insults, and that you folks down South, especially you, Bill Arp, so-called, are an ungrateful people, not to admire the present state of affairs in the Union, so-called.

Indignantly yours,  
"BRICK" POMEROY.

James W. Craft, of South Boston, who a few days since accidentally run a knife into his abdomen, causing immediate death, had insurance on his life to the amount of \$120,000.

Garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops of Paris—

## A Light in the Window for Thee.

When a boy, twelve years old, I worked hard to support my mother and two young brothers, and usually carried my earnings home every evening. One night, it being very dark and muddy, and having three miles to travel, and a heavy bundle to carry, I did not reach home till late. My mother, feeble and weary, had retired, but quickly aroused when she heard my footsteps, and met me at the door with a warm heart, and warmer tears, and a kiss, and a "God bless you dear boy! After this, my son, I'll set a light in the window for you." And, true to her word, the bright light in the window appeared. Oh! how it cheered my heart, ever after for years!

Health failing me, I left home (after my brothers could help my mother), and went to sea. When three years from home, and on the Pacific Ocean my mother died; and, just before she expired, she said to those around her, "Give Edward my dying blessing, for he has been a good boy, and tell him I have gone to heaven, and I will set a light in the window for him."

There's a light in the window for thee, dear brother.

There's a light in the window for thee; Our mother has moved to mansions above— There's a light in the window for thee.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

There's a crown and a robe and a palm, dear brother.

When your labors have ceased to be, For Jesus has gone to prepare you a home, With a light in the window for thee.

A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

Oh! watch and be faithful and pray, dear brother.

All your journey o'er life's troubled sea, Though affliction assail you, and storms beat severe,

There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

Then on, perseveringly on, dear brother, Till, from conflict and suffering free; Bright angels are beckoning you over the stream—

There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion in heaven we see, And a light in the window for thee.

And a light in the window for thee.

## A Jewish Divorce.

The New Haven Journal and Courier has the following:

"Yesterday, a divorce, according to the practice in the Hebrew Church, took place at the residence of the Rev. J. Gabriel. At the present term of the Superior Court, a divorce was obtained by Louis Rothschild from Esther Rothschild. One of the parties desired that a divorce should also be granted after the manner of the Hebrew custom. Yesterday it was accomplished. As it is somewhat interesting to know what the ceremony consisted of, we give it. It was as follows: The wife, dressed in black, with a black veil over her face, appeared with her husband before a council of ten men, members of the synagogue. There was also present three rabbins, one of whom acted as petitioner, and wrote out on parchment a petition in Hebrew, asking for a divorce, and also wrote out the decree of divorce; the second acted as respondent or defendant, and the third as a kind of judge; the council of ten acting as a jury.

"The man and wife having appeared, they stood side by side before the council. The rabbins and council then took an oath, all shaking hands—the oath being to the effect that they would always consider the divorce legal and binding. The wife then removed the veil, and the rabbi, who acted as petitioner, read the petition in German, and stated the case to the council, who, having heard it, decreed to divorce. The decree, folded up, was handed to the husband, and the wife raising her open hands, the husband dropped the paper into them. The rabbi who acted as judge then took it and cut the ends like a fringe. He then handed it to the president of the synagogue, telling him to place it among the records of the society, to be preserved as evidence of the divorce. This having been done, the ceremony was finished, and the parties departed, no longer man and wife."

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times around a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before, and was twice in danger of riding over myself."

It was said in the olden time that the body was more than raiment; but now the raiment is often a great deal more than the body in value, and fall five times as much in circumference.

The women must think that we men are great robbers; we are all the while going about robbing them of their names.

## The Power of Cyphers.

The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and even millions; but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the vast bodies of water that cover near three fourths of the globe were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by two words, "eighteen sections," and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four cyphers to the number eighteen. (18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) A man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above; for although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only one inch and a half in ordinary print, yet if each particular drop were noted by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks long enough to wind around the sun six thousand billions of times!

Now observe, if you please, the marvelous power of value which the cyphers, insignificant by themselves, give the significant figures 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cypher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by every school-boy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon in pebbles, shells, or beads used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oration for Roscius, the actor, in order to express three hundred thousand, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbersome notation, CCCXXXIII CCCXXXIII CCCXXXIII. How very odd this seems. "In the year of our Lord MDCCLXVI" (1866).—*Educational Monthly.*

## Medical Uses of Ice.

To a person burning up with internal fevers ice is a comfort beyond expression. Swallowing ice freely in small lumps is the chief treatment in inflammation of the stomach.

The constant application of ice, pounded fine, and enveloping the head with it by means of a cushion or other contrivance, is the most reliable remedy for that dangerous malady, inflammation of the brain, which so often sends its victim to the grave in a few days, or to that living death, the mad house!

In all inflammations, whether internal or external, ice diminishes rapidly the size of the blood-vessels, and thus relieves the pain they give when thus swollen by their pressing against the nerves which are always in the neighborhood of the arteries of the system.

Diphtheria, and some of the worst of other forms of sore throat, has been arrested in a very short time by pounding a piece of ice in a bag, then laying the head back, take the lumps and swallow them continuously until relieved, allowing them to be detained in the throat as long as possible, there to melt.

All forms of diarrhoea and dysentery, where there is great thirst, the gratification of which by drinking any liquid increases the malady, are promptly controlled, and in many cases perfectly cured, by simply swallowing as large lumps of ice as possible.

Epilepsy itself, one of the most uncontrollable of human maladies, is said to be treated successfully in London by the application of ice to the spinal portion of the system.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest profuse and dangerous bleeding of the nose.

In croup, water as cold as ice can make it, if applied freely and persistently to the throat, neck, and upper part of the chest with a sponge or cloth, often affords an almost miraculous relief, especially if followed by drinking copiously of icewater, wiping the wetted parts perfectly dry, then wrapping the child closely up in dry flannels, allowing it to fall into a delightful and life-giving slumber.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

**PRUSSIAN MILITARY HOSPITAL.**—Breslau, in Silesia, has been selected by the Prussian Government as the site of an immense military hospital, which is to be erected forthwith. It is to be furnished with all the latest improvements, among which figures prominently a circular saw, driven by steam, by the aid of which damaged legs and arms are to be amputated in a jiffy. The Prussians evidently anticipate warm work.

An Irishman recently stopped at a hotel out West where pretty heavy bills were charged. In the morning the landlord made out the amount of "damage," and presented it to Pat. After he glanced over it, the latter looked the former in the face, and exclaimed, "Ye put me in mind of a snipe." "Why," asked the landlord, "because ye're very nigh all bill."

## Robbing God.

"One Sunday a gentleman was going to church. On his way he saw a number of boys playing on the common. He wanted very much to show them how wrong it was for them to be so doing, but he knew that if he began to reprove them they would not listen to him. So he walked leisurely up to them, and sat down on the grass. Presently, in a pleasant, familiar tone, he said, "Boys, I want to tell you a story."

Directly they all gathered unsuspectingly around him, and he began as follows:

"There was once a good man who was noted for his kindness and liberality. At the time of which I speak he was on a journey. As he was pursuing his way along a lonely road, he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, in consequence of which he was in great distress. With his usual kindness the good man drew out his purse, and after examining it, he said, 'I have only seven pounds with me, but I think with one pound I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest.' With this he handed the man the six pounds. Was not that generous? Would not you have thought that the beggar must have gone off, feeling very grateful and contented? Certainly, we should have expected this. But he did no such thing. He was not a beggar at all, but a robber; and seeing that the good man had still one pound in his purse, he knocked him down with a club and stole his last pound from him."

The boys were very indignant on hearing this. They all cried out against the shameful conduct of the robber. One of them went so far as to say he didn't think anybody could be found quite so wicked as that.

"Now, stop," said the gentleman; "let me tell you, boys, this is just what you are doing. God has given you freely six days out of seven for your own use. He has kept only one for Himself, to be kept holy, and spent in worshipping Him; and yet you are so mean as to rob Him even of that!"

The boys hung down their heads. They had not a word to say, but broke up their play and went off.—*The Biblical Treasury.*

## Jewish Conversion.

An exceedingly interesting and important ceremony, one which is not of an every day occurrence, was witnessed on Sunday morning last at the Synagogue, corner of Maine and Exchange streets, the Rev. Dr. Tuska officiating. It was the conversion of Mrs. Lewis to the Hebrew faith. The reverend gentleman delivered an able and impressive sermon, in which the fair convert was reminded of the duties and responsibilities attached to Judaism; also, the new station in life which she was assuming. Dr. Tuska, in defining the doctrines and tenets of Judaism took occasion to remark, that it sought no converts to its religion, but if convinced that the applicant wanted to enter within the portals of its sanctuary in good faith, it accepted and welcomed them; while other denominations sought their converts; that the Jewish religion was not proscriptive, and believed in every one worshipping the Lord according to their conscience. After the eloquent remarks of Dr. Tuska, she was examined in the doctrine and teachings of the Hebrew faith, reading the articles of faith in a clear voice and without hesitation, showing that she was thoroughly informed in regard to the new relation which she was entering, and affirming her belief in Judaism, after she was declared an Israelite. She was then remarried, in accordance with the forms and observations of the Hebrew church. Mr. Edward S. Goulston and Mrs. P. A. Phillips, giving away the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. L. Isaacs, the bride-groom, when, after an earnest petition to the Throne of Grace, asking the Almighty may guard and guide her in the duties and responsibilities attendant on her new station, and the blessings of the Almighty craved, the convert was dismissed. She then received the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances. We are informed that this ceremony is of rare occurrence and drew a large concourse of interested spectators.—*Memphis Appeal.*

**CHARGING BREAST WORKS.**—The correspondent of the London Times furnished that paper with the following good one: When the Confederate army was passing through Chambersburg, many ladies gathered about the doors and windows, around the gates and upon the verandah, most of whom were decorated with Union flags about their persons. One young lady who stood near the street had a tremendous one stretched across her bosom. One of Hood's Texans saw it, stopped and leaning his chin upon the muzzle of his gun, eyed it for a few moments, and then said: "Miss, I advise you to take down that flag."

"Why, sir?" "Because these are Hood's men here, and they are terrible fellows to charge Yankee breastworks, especially when they are surmounted by a U. S. flag." The young lady vanished.